A YUKON SOUVENIR

THE PICTURESQUE

LAND OF GOLD

¶ ITS MAGNIFICENT MOUNTAIN AND WATER SCENES. ¶ ITS PEAKS, PASSES AND CANYONS. ¶ THE HOME OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN. ¶ A LAND WITH A SUMMER CHARM.

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THE NEW NORTH LAND

FOR countless ages all peoples have looked upon the North as a cold and barren land, the home of the iceberg and the storm. In the past few years it has been given to a favored few to learn that it is a land of beauty, of sunny days and clear skies, of foaming waters and green, dome-shaped hills, of high cliffs and rugged granite peaks, snow-crowned for all time to come. Old, yet seeming to ever change and to be always new, it is a land that charms and holds those who come; sometimes they go, but only to return again, for those who have looked upon the land love it for evermore.

This vast inland empire is known to the people of the North as the Yukon, and it is the watershed of the river of that name. The Indians call it Yu-kon-ah—meaning mighty water—and it is that and more. Its length is more than 2,000 miles and it drains an area of more than half a million square miles, and discharges more water into the sea than the Mississippi or the Amazon. It is seventy-five miles wide at its mouth, and at its source—at the summit of the White Pass—a child can step across. Large steamers navigate this river for eighteen hundred miles, and if you stand on the bank, one hundred miles from the mouth, you cannot see the other bank.

European countries having same latitude as the Yukon, with soil less rich and climate more rigorous, produce annually for export, cattle, sheep and horses by the thousand, and of grain and vegetables millions of bushels.

In the not far distant future this Empire of the North will do all this and more, her dome-shaped hills will with gold enrich nations and her fertile valleys feed them. In the five years

just passed the Yukon has added to the wealth of the world one hundred and fifty millions of dollars in gold. In the quantity, quality and value of furs produced annually the Yukon leads the world, and has no equal. The valley is rich in wood, coal, petroleum and copper; thousands of acres of wild grasses grow shoulder high; in the marshes are cranberries and huckleberries, and on the slopes are wild currants, gooseberries, strawberries and raspberries; in the waters fish; in the forests game; in the ground gold; of all countries we are the newest of the new and the richest of the rich. Of those who occupied the land in days gone by—the Red Lords of the North—but few remain; the ways of their white brothers are not theirs and to them meant extermination. Of those that are left the strongest are of the Pelly, Tananaw and Thlunget tribes; they have a semi-historical legendary history of their Asiatic origin that is very fascinating to the folk-lore lovers, and their dogs, half wolf half bear, are not to be seen elsewhere in the world.

The enchanting beauty of the wide-spreading Yukon Valley—its glorious sunshine and its wealth of vegetation and fruits and flowers—comes as a great surprise to one who beholds it for the first time, and often causes the exclamation, "This cannot be the North." And it is not the North Land of which you have read and thought perhaps to see, but away off in the distant blue are still the mountain peaks capped with eternal snows. No more glorious summers are to be found anywhere else on the earth's surface, nor for the sportsman, the Northern autumn. Here, in the late fall, you can hear the moose and caribou calling that it is time to get into their favorite meadows, where they winter; and hear in the white, soft evenings, the goats and sheep tramping in droves, and seeming to confer as to the best location for their exodus; the grouse call softly in the thickets; the squirrels are busy adding to their already overflowing storehouses; and there also are the bears—black, grizzly, brown and cinnamon—fat and sleepy, and in the sedges can be heard the ducks and geese, discussing their annual excursion to the south—truly a hunter's paradise.

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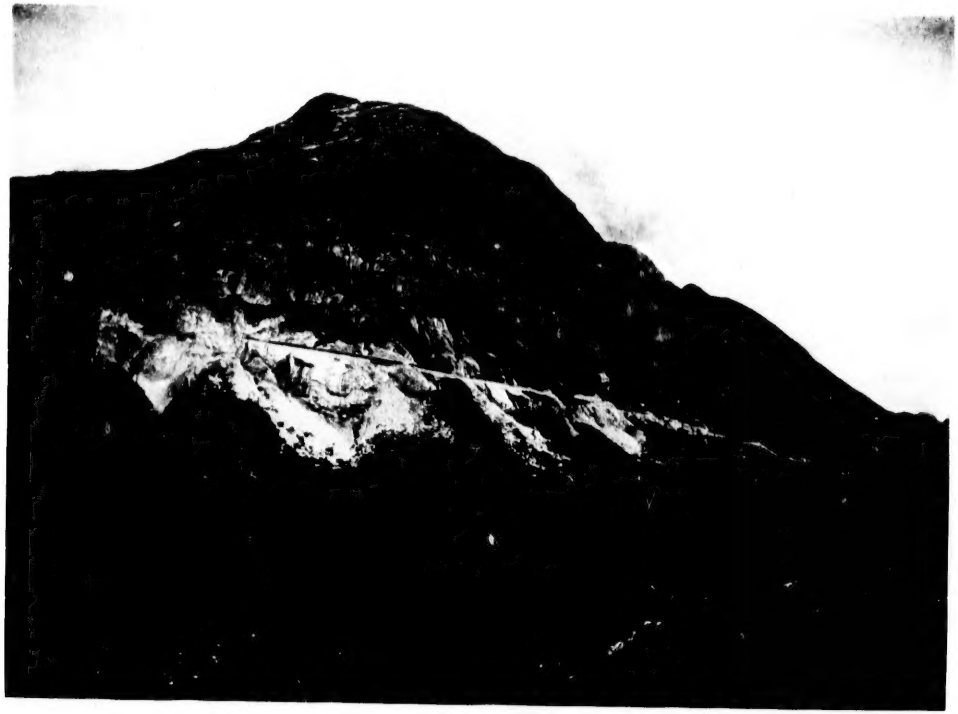
THE PUBLISHERS BEG TO ANNOUNCE THAT IT IS THEIR INTENTION—AT AN EARLY DATE—TO FOLLOW THIS PUBLICATION WITH A SOUVENIR OF DAWSON, AND ONE ENTITLED "A SOUVENIR *of the* TANANA."

SKAGWAY, ALASKA

VALLEY OF THE SKAGWAY RIVER



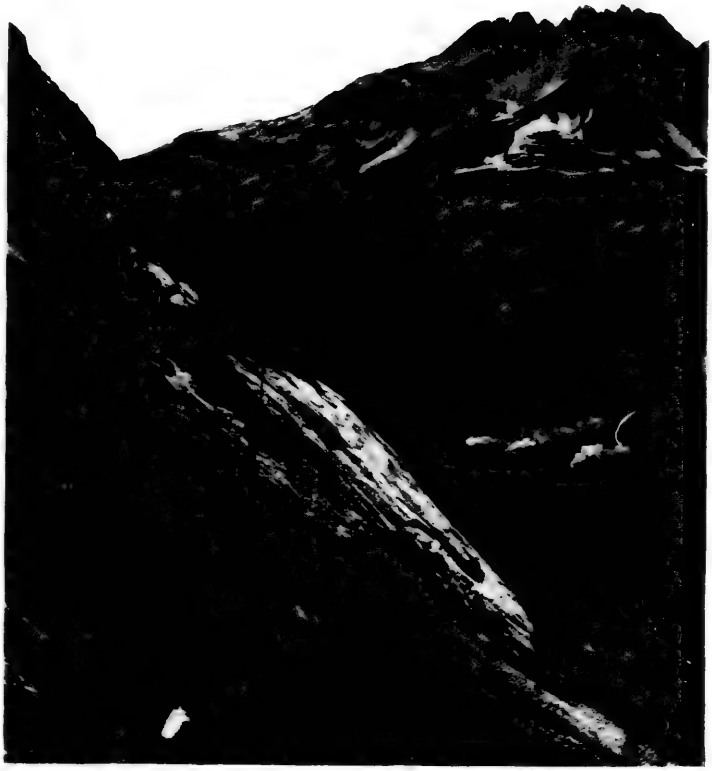
Tunnel Mountain, White Pass & Yukon Railway

Civilization in Alaska, W. P. & Y. R.

Steel Bridge, Summit of White Pass, Alaska

Hanging Rocks, near Clifton, W. P. & Y. R.

Hanging Rocks, near Clifton, W. P. & Y. R.



A Railroad in the Yukon, White Pass & Yukon Railroad

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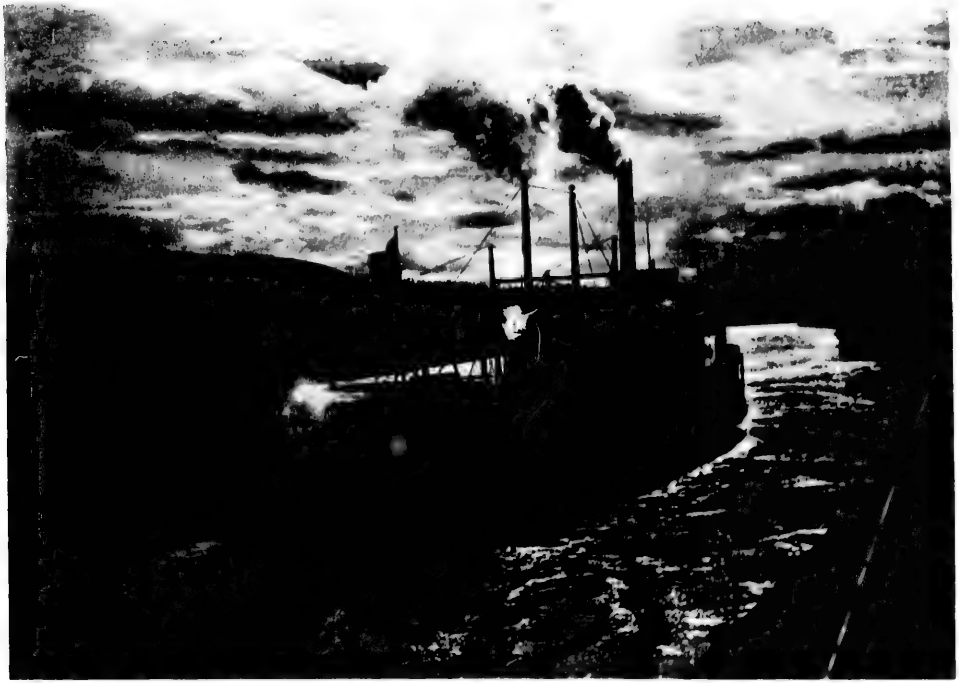

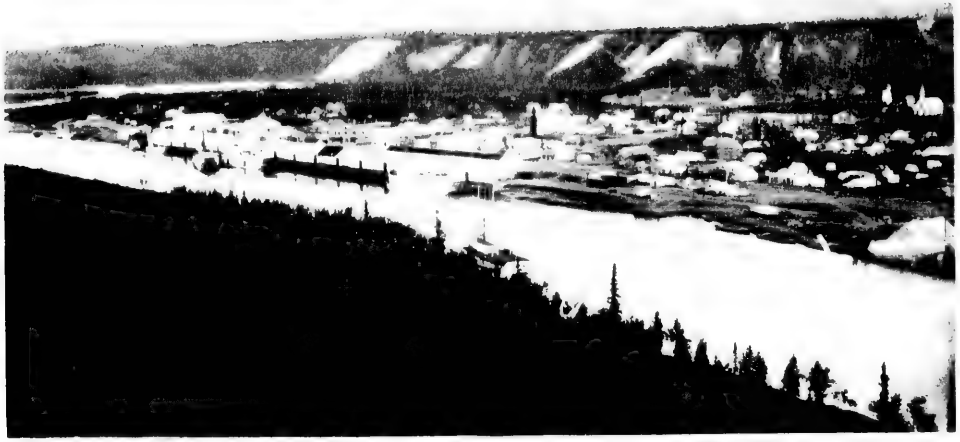

White Horse, Photographed at Midnight

Henry Moore

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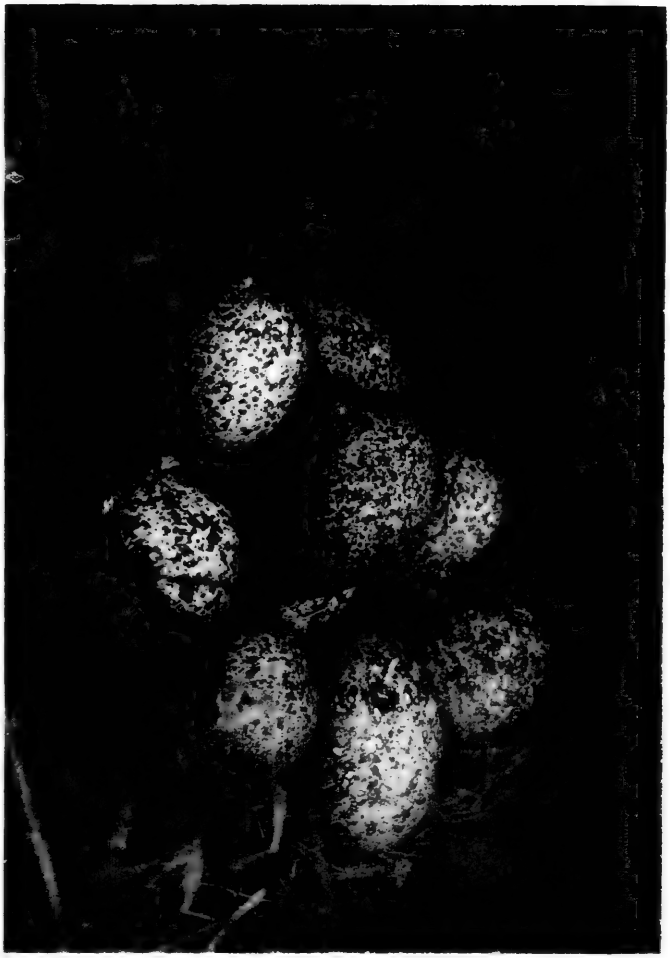

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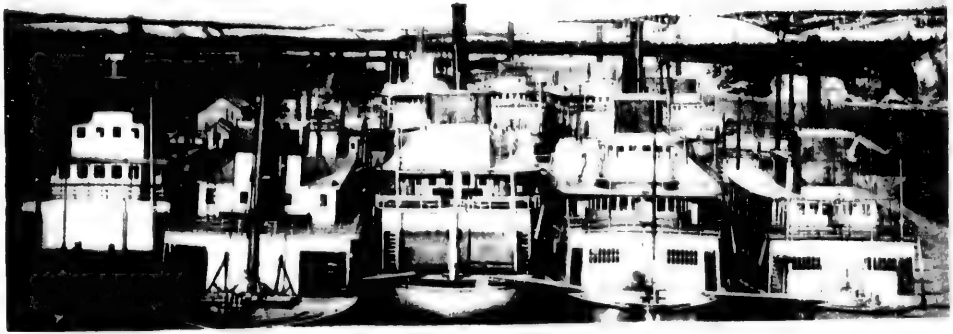

A KAOLIN MINE, CORNWALL

A Moose Hunter

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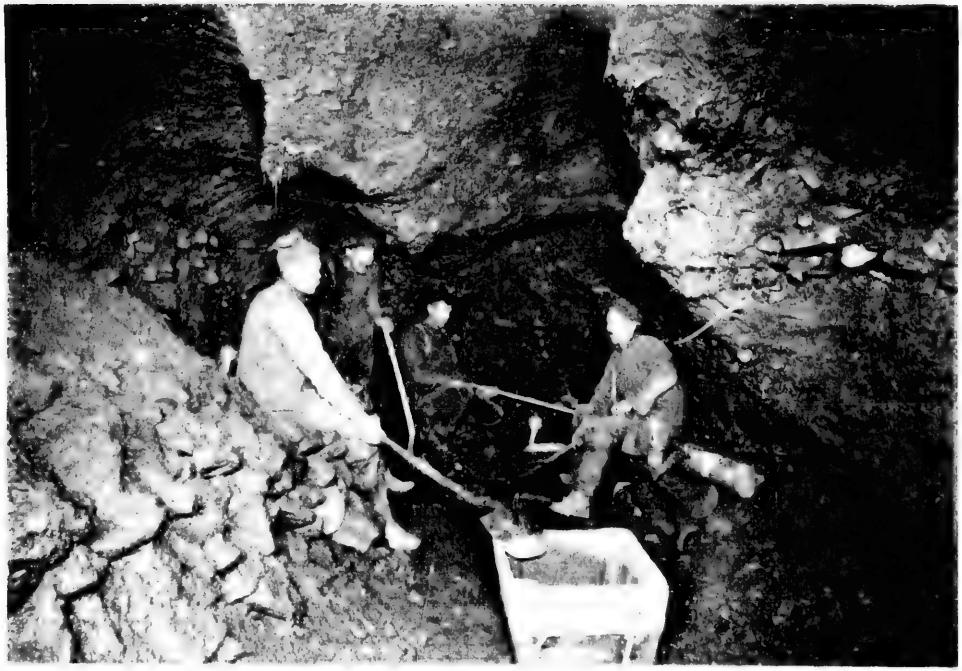

Last Sketches of the Season on the Yukon River

FAIRBANKS, ALA.

FAIRBANKS, ALASKA